Bite of Life

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Bite of Life

by Silvaxus

Summary

12. Lingerie / Cross-dressing / **Biting**

Not once in his long existence had Hannibal felt the urge to drag a human soul with him into the night. Not until blue eyes and a shy smile crossed his path.

Notes

My Beta for this fic is my friend and sister in trouble Imoshen

See the end of the work for more notes

Purring softly with a smile on his face, Hannibal held Will in a careful grip.

Will was only a few nights old now and more instinct than clear mind; a clear and sharp mind he'd came to love as much as the former human's sweet blood shy charme.

Hannibal was a vampire so old that his own kin stayed far away from him because they feared him far too much. The same fear, if not even stronger, usually held humans at bay except when he was hunting.

A vampire on the hunt was like a flame to a moth; alluring in a way that made humans bare their throats for Hannibal like a cheap whore.

Not Will though.

He seemed to recognize that Hannibal was a creature of the night but that only seemed to draw Will closer to him.

At first Hannibal had thought that Will had a death wish, like so many among the humans of this time, but not Will.

Will was a rare jewel among bland stones.

Normally vampires were nothing but death to humans but to Will he was a salvation. Will's lack of fear and the scent of his blood were enough reasons to Hannibal to make a rushed decision and turn Will into the fierce creature currently struggling in Hannibal's grip.

The Ancient One had forgotten the strength of the first thirst and Hannibal didn't allow Will to feed on human blood. He wanted his Will, and there was no other way to think about Will, to be strong, stronger than any newly turned vampire could be. Hannibal's blood and the power of his age would make sure that Will would be the most terrifying young vampire hunting humanity.

Will was growling, his usually blue eyes were drowned in blood and he was snapping his fangs, long and sharp, at Hannibal. Hungering for the blood Hannibal would always provide for Will...until his mind was once more his own and not drowned in bloodlust. That WIll already knew, or had a good guess what Hannibal was, would make things easier when he could finally talk to Will again.

While Hannibal was already seeing their future, Will by his side until time would end, Will made a distressed sound, like a young wolf begging for food.

Smiling at his feral Will, Hannibal pulled Will against his chest and buried a hand in Will's long curly hair. He felt Will's fangs against the skin of his throat but Will restrained himself from burying his fangs in Hannibal's flesh.

More proof that Will was going to be extraordinary as a vampire. Showing control when he

shouldn’t be able to control himself yet.

“It’s okay, my darling. I will never withhold anything from you, not my body, not my blood. Take as much as you need.”

Silently, and painfully slow, Will simply let his fangs sink into Hannibal’s flesh until the blood of an Ancient One welled up. There was nothing stronger for Will to drink.

With the help of his growing strength, Will held onto Hannibal while he slowly drank Hannibal’s blood.

The pain of the carefully, and almost skillfully, handled bite was enough for Hannibal’s own fangs to snap down and arousal only made Hannibal’s blood flow easier.

The magic binding them together as Maker and Child was so powerful that Hannibal could feel his own blood mixing with Will’s. A shadow of the feral bloodlust clouded Hannibal’s mind paired with the arousal that no vampire could ever shake off while drinking blood or to feel the bite from one of their kind.

Will tightened his bite and rubbed his erection against Hannibal’s hips.

Chuckling, Hannibal reached between their bodies and offered Will more friction to hump against. That was something Hannibal hadn’t forgotten. The hunger for sexual release when the hunger for blood was sated. The urge got lesser with age but only because a vampire learned to control it but with Will...with Will, Hannibal wanted to let go of all restrains.

The sounds coming from Will were something animalistic and nothing human anymore. He grunted with every new gulp of blood and groaned, muffled and slow, whenever Hannibal flexed his fingers around Will’s hard cock.

When Will finally tumbled into his orgasm his whole body tensed in Hannibal’s arms. The fangs in Hannibal’s throat dug deeper, more blood welled up and was lapped up greedily by Will.

Hissing, Hannibal felt his own need rise but he ignored it. The future would offer enough moments to sate his own pleasure but for now he would enjoy the sharpness of Will’s fangs in his flesh.

End Notes

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